I maet with those I there have met. And play before the sottage door. There often, when the sun was low, And evening shadows ran out long, As westward fast the light would go, And night-birds sang their mellow song, We'd meet in childish glee to play

And pass the evening hours away With joy before the cottage door. With marbles, tops, and other toys, That children always love so well, Which add far more to youth's bright joys Than either tongue or pen can tell. We played; glad songs in glee were sung-Sweet joys, we never more can see; Such pleasures are but for the young,

The games so oft played o'er and o'er,

And only once we young can be. Long years since then have passed away, And some of those whom there I met, Beneath the sod in silence lay, While others linger with use yet. The cottage stands the same to-day As in those happy days of yore, And other children gladly play As we did then before its door.

A STOME OF

WESTERN LIFE -BY-

THOMAS P. MONFORT. CHAPTER XX.

AUNT MITCHELL SPEAKS. Hiram soon became as placid and self-satisfied as ever, and the next morning he went down town to his office with not a trace of the late disturbance either showing in his features or rankling in his conscience. For several weeks everything went along amoothly with him, and every day he fell more and more in love with his charitable qualities and his Christian virtues. Hiram Blatchford was not a man to give way to any insignificant feeling, and he did not allow conscience to deter him for any great length of time. He at one time felt that he hadn't always done just right, but he managed to shift the blame of his wrong actions to some other person's shoulders, and succeeded, to his own satisfaction, in exonerating himself completely. But another bombshell was destined

to fall in the Blatchford camp, and it fell with terrible effect. This bombshell camein the shape of an elderly maiden lady known as Miss Mitchell Blatchford, sister to Hiram, who for some years had lived entirely isolated from her brother. She decided to pay Hiram a visit, and, accordingly, one day some weeks after the Christian aid society meeting she alighted at Hiram's door.

Hiram was not particularly glad to see his sister, for to tell the truth she had an uncomfortable way of speaking her mind that Hiram did not like. He distinctly remembered several occasions when she had freely spent her opinion of him and his way of doing, and she had not always considered him in the light of an injured innocent. knew that she would soon discover the relation existing between himself and his daughter, and he felt morally certain that her sympathies would be with the latter, and that a "blowing up" for him would be the result.

Sarah was not glad to see Miss Blatchford either; and she not only shared in Hiram's feelings, but she was inclined to look upon any of his people as interlopers when they presumed to visit the house that ought to be sacred to the Spicklers. She feared, moreover, that this strong-minded woman would jar on her nerves, for she had understood from her husband how Miss Mitchell was inclined to give vent, in no uncertain terms, to her honest opinions. Sarah felt that she was a good, saintly creature; yet she was not anxious that anyone should speak the truth about her in her presence. If she could have had her desire in the matter, she would have had Miss Mitchell's visit

postponed indefinitely. Of course Hiram and Sarah made an effort to welcome her, but the effort was very much constrained, and was lacking in warmth and feeling. Miss Mitchell either did not notice this, or ignored it for reasons of her own, and proceeded to make herself at home in

her brother's house after her own peeuliar fashion. Aunt Mitchell, as she was usually called by those who knew her well, was of a cold, taciturn disposition. She was distant and unsocial toward those who were her best friends, and toward strangers, or those whom she disliked, she was frigid to the last degree. She had a knack of forming a pretty correct estimate of people on first sight, and her first-formed opinion of Mrs. Blatchford was anything but flattering to that lady's Christian character. Mr. Blatchford attempted to make up to her erratic sister-in-law, but on each occasion met

gave up the effort. Aunt Mitchell preserved a quiet, cold dignity in her deportment to her brother and his wife, and avoided their society as much as possible. When she was forced into their presence, however, she maintained the bearing of one who is making a strong effort to hold herself in check. By her constrained manner, she not only succeeded in making an icy atmosphere in the house, but she caused the household to feel greenfortable, and gave Hiram a spell of nervous fits. Every one felt that she would not keep up this rigid deportment for many days, and they were assured that when she did break loose

there would be a terrible explosion. Thus for a week Aunt Mitchell kept the family on the needles of suspense. Mrs. Blatchford grew so nervous in the meantime that every unusual noise caused her heart to cease beating. Blatchford worked himself up to such a point of uneasiness that he stood in momentary dread of some great misfortune. As for old Mrs. Spickler, Aunt Mitchell knocked her clear out of the ring at first sight. The icy bow and the piercing look she gave that old lady on the occasion of their introduction was sufficient to terrorize her for all time to come. Mrs. Spiekler was the possessor of considerable spirit, and many people had quailed before her gaze, but she was not equal to Aunt Mitchell's cutting glance. She tried to avoid Aunt Mitchell's eyes after that first meeting, and if by chance she did catch a glance from them she wilted and shrank until she felt that she was but an atom of humanity-a mere speek

of flesh and blood. One morning the Blatchford household were assembled at breakfast, when Aunt Mitchell came in a little late. A glance at her face as she cold- to praise and pat himself than he had ly nodded her salutation was enough to | been for a long time. Sister Blatchford reveal the fact that her feelings were | tried her old tactics to rally him, but struggling vehemently to break loose, they lacked their old-time efficacy, She sat down to the table with a snap, and he left the house that morning in a and putting herself in the most rigid attitude, preserved a perfect silence. Blatchford was detailing to his wife the particulars of a plan for the repainting and repairing of the church.

"It can be done for a hundred dollars," he said, "and that amount can be easily raised.' "I should think "replied Sarah.

"You will give something, I know." "Yes, I have already subscribed ten for you and five for mother."

Aunt Mitchell said nothing just then, but the corners of her mouth began to twitch and she jabbed her fork into the foed viciously. Two or three minutes Mitchell laid her knife and fork down, drew a long breath, and said: "Hiram, you're a fool."

The bomb had been discharged, and its effect was wonderful. Hiram sat with his knife and fork in hand, and with his mouth and eyes open, transfixed. Sarah turned all serts of colorand trembled all over. Mrs. Spiekle felt herself diminishing so rapidly tha she thought sure she would disappear altogether in a little while.

his astonishment. ridiculous. If there is a wild nigger in fice.



"HIRAM, YOU RE A FOOL!"

know it's the truth I'm speaking. Do you suppose God is going to give a place in Heaven to a man who has no place the minister. "Don't come near me. in his home or his heart for his own child? Not much He won't, and you can't buy yourself into His favor, as you do into Wheedler's, with the gift of money. As I said, you are a fool and worse. Talk about your religion! Why, there ain't a particle of it in this house, and there in't a one of you that knows what Christianity is. Not a single one of all of you knows any more about Christianity than a pig."

Aunt Mitchell cast a defiant glance around as she ceased speaking, and as she came to Mrs. Blatchford last, and noted the shamed look of that lady, she gave a contemptuous sniff. Hiram trembled with rage and shame. He reter's words, but for all the world he wouldn't have aowledged anything. With a frem effort he controlled himcit to a certain extent, and with toler-

able firmness said: "Mitchell, this is my house, and while you remain in it I wish you would show lecent respect for my feelings and the feelings of my family.

"I shall not remain in this house another day, Hiram," Aunt Mitchell re-"I feel now, and I have felt from the first, that I am not wanted here. I could hardly hope to find a welcome to this house when your own child is not welcome, and I would not have remained here this long only I hoped to find an occasion for showing you what a fool you are. You have your Pickles about you and you are happy. You give money to this thing and that thing and you imagine you are doing a Christian duty. You listen to hypocritical professions at home and Hiram, the day will come when you will discover that you have woefully missed the Christian's walk in life. In the next world, if not in this, your neglect of your daughter will rise up against you and make you wish you had never been born. The time will come when the compliments and flat-

will not soothe your soul." "But, Mitchell, listen to me-" Hiram began, only to be promptly shut up by

teries of Wneedler and the Pickleses

with such a cold repulse that she soon his sister who went on: "There is no excuse for your conduct Hiram, none at all. Your daughter may have done wrong in marrying against your will, but she could not have done greatly wrong, since you acknowledge that John Green is a good, honest, sober, industrious man. But wrong or not, her crime was not so great that you were warranted in making her an outcast, while you fill your house with those who care for you only so far as your dollars and cents go. Do you think God will forgive you and take you to His bosom so long as you remain oblivious to your daughter? Never, never. If you ever expect to get to Heaven take some of the money you are subscribing here and there, and devote it to your child's needs. Better a thousand times let the church go unpainted than to let that child suffer one moment from want. Now I've had my say, Hiram, and I hope my words will set you to thinking and acting more like a Christian and less like a heathen, and that before you throw away another dollar in the useless effort to buy favor of God, you will act the part of a civilized father.

Woe unto you, Pharisees, hypocrites." Having thus brought her lecture to & finish and feeling her soul relieved of a mighty burden, Aunt Mitchell arose from her seat and, giving a withering look of scorn and pity to those at the table, swept from the room, and an

hour later left Blatchford's house. His sister's words had a telling effect on Biatchford. They cut him deeply, and he could not rid himself of the uncomfortable feeling they awakened. He realized the truth of her words, and he grew small in his own estimation. He understood fully the futility of his liberal financial gifts to the church and the heathern, and he was less inclined

sad, dejected state of mind. Reaching his office he plunged into his business duties with unusual energy, and for a little while held to them; but soen his thoughts wandered back to the scene at home, and between him and his papers there flitted pictures of

skeleton, telling only too well the story twenty-five dollars. Ten for myself, of want and suffering. For an hour or more he tried to banish his daughter from his thoughts and concentrate his mind upon the business he had in hand, but in spite of all his efforts pictures of his child would dance across his papers passed in perfect silence, then Aunt to distract him and add to his self-

accusations. At last, finding that it was impossible to control his wandering thoughts and fix them where he wished, and being unable to longer endure the thoughts his fancy bred, he threw down his papers and pen and fled from the office. He walked madly down the street, having no idea of his destination, having no eare for his course, intent on but one thing, and that was to escape the thoughts that haunted him. On and on "Hiram, you're a fool," Aunt Mitch- he walked until he passed through the ell repeated after giving a contemptu- town and out into the country, nor did ous glance around. "You're a fool and he halt until he came to the river bank. worse. You're a fool to think that Then he sat down, and removing his

you have got any religion. You're a hat felt his burning, throbbing brow. fool to be led by the nose, and you're "My God, my God," he murmured, worse than a fool to turn your home "what have I done! My poor, lost child, into an asylum for these Pickles while how could I ever forget you so! How your ewn child is an outeast in the have I forgotten your mother and my world, without friends or money. I tell promise to her. Oh, God, spare me and you, Hiram Biatchford, you haven't got let me live to undo what I have done. as much religion as a buzzard and Let me but see my child once more and you haven't got as much heart as a receive her forgiveness for all of my - neglect and cruelty."

"Why-why, Mitchell," Hiram stam- . A long time he sat there gazing down mered, having recovered a little from into the deep flowing water, and more than once he was inclined to throw him-"Don't 'why' me, Hiram," Aunt self into the current and find relief at Mitchell went on. "I know what I'm once for his tortured soul. There, he talking about, and you know I do. The thought, he could escape the awful idea of you giving money to convert the thoughts that haunted him, and he heathen and paint the church and all fancied that the cold water would be that sort of thing, when your own child welcome to his burning brow. But may be starving for food. It's a shame finally the desire to see his daughter and a mockery, and I wonder that God once more and atone to her for his don't damn you for it. The idea of you cruel neglect got the better of him, helping to convert the heathen! It's and he arose and went toward his of-

Africa that is any more heathenish | As he walked unsteadily back he toward his offspring than you are wondered why people stared at him so, toward yours, then I say God pity him. | little dreaming what a change a few Oh you may wince, Hiram, but you hours of mental anguish had worked in his outward appearance. He did not know that his face had become haggard, and his eves bloodshot. He did not realize that the fires of hell that burned within him had soorched and seamed

him outwardly. He was nearing his office when he met Rev. Wheedler, and that gentleman instantly noted the great change in his valued parishioner, and immediately sought to assist Brother Blatchford home. He approached to take the old man's arm, but Blatchford waved him off, and almost fled from the spot. His action surprised Rev. Wheedler beyond anything, and he left that gentleman perfectly dumfounded. Rev. Wheedler looked after the fleeing figure for an instant, undecided what to do, but finally he concluded to follow. After a chase of a couple of blocks he caught up with Blatchford.

"Brother." he said, "you are ill. Allow me to see you home.' "Don't touch me." Blatchford fairly shrieked as he glared viciously upon You helped to do it. Goaway from me. My child is dying of want. I feel it. 1 know it. And you helped to lead me away from her and blind me to her rights and claims. Don't speak to me again. I want my poor, wronged

child, and I'm going to find her." Then, before the astonished minister could collect his scattered senses, the old man was gone. He passed around the corner and entered his office, where, sinking into a seat, he buried his face

in his hands and wept. "Oh, my God, my God," he groaned "what have I done? How cruel, how heartless have I acted toward my own flesh and blood-my only child. How blind and trutal I have been, and how alized only too well the truth of his sis- bitter is the awakening to the enormity of my sin. Oh, for one sight of my child, one word of forgiveness from her lips. I must find her. I must search the country from end to end for her." At that instant the door opened and a clerk came in. He approached the old man diffidently, for he could not help seeing the great change that had come over him. He laid a telegram on the desk and without a word withdrew.

Blatchford opened the telegram at once and read: "Come immediately. Do not delay under any circumstances. The most important matter of your life. Come SCRAGGS." The old man sprang to his feet in an

instant, and rushed wildly out. CHAPTER XXL GREEN NEEDS MORE MONEY AND GETS IT. Louise thought it best to say nothing to her parents of Harry Pearson's proposal. She very naturally concluded that flattery abroad, and you think you are the matter was at an end, and knowing a good man. But mark my word, the anxiety that weighed on her father's mind already, she was loth to add anything to it. John had not forgotten

Scraggs' words, but after watching Pearson closely on the occasion of his visits, saw nothing to warrant him in adopting Scraggs' idea. His deportment was always that of a perfect gentleman, and there was absolutely nothing in it to indicate any intentions, honorable or otherwise, relative to Louise.

Two weeks passed quietly away after



" DON'T COME NEAR ME!"

Harry's proposal, and during the time he made several visits to Green's, alwars bringing with him some delicacies for the sick woman. He often expressed a wish to render John more substantial aid, and John had always accepted the wish for the deed.

Dr. Bascom made regular daily visits to his patient, but as yet the improvement in her condition was scarcely perceptible. The fever was losing its power, it is true, but it had had a long run, and her blood was burned up by it and she was weak and feeble.

"She is in a fair way to recover," the doctor announced: "but she is so near the verge of the grave that it would require but little to place her in it. She needs strength, and we must endeavor to build up her constitution. Good food assistance you want. But it is too late is the thing she stands most in need of now-good, wholesome diet and plenty | handle or I would take the liberty of of it.

shall not be able to give her. I have certain you can count on him for the raised the last dollar that I can raise- favor when he returns." mortgaged everything that I can mort- "If I can do no better I shall have to gage, and now it is all gone, and there wait," John replied, as he left the ofis not a morsel of 100d in the house. I fice, "but God only knows how we are don't know what in the name of God I to keep the breath of life in us unless am to do next. I cannot sit here and | we have food." see my wife die of hunger, and I know | of no way to prevent it. What am I to home, but the thought of going back . .. with no money or provisions W a de, doctor? What can I do?"

"Green." replied the doctor, "if I could I'd help you. But I can't. I am working for nothing, for my patients have no : loney to pay me, and I have scarcely a nough to live on. I haven't a dollar. I I had you should have a part of it. B.t I'll see if I can't manage in some way to raise some money for you. I don't know what success I'll have, and I can't encourage you to hope for anything. can only try. It is not necessary for me to come and see the patient again for sever il days, but if I am so fortu-

at once." "Thank you, doctor," said John fervently as he clasped the old doctor's hand. "You have already placed me under a world of obligations to you, and if I am never able to repay you,

nate as to do anything for you I'll come

"Oh, never mind that, Green," the old man said, "never mind about that. We're all human beings, and I am no more than human in doing what I do. There's nothing in it but what anybody ought to do."

"Perhaps not," said John, "but it's what few do nevertheless. My heart is full, doctor, and I cannot express my feelings. But this I can say: You have done more for us than any other person on earth, and my heart, my thanks and my prayers are yours. You came to us a stranger, and you have been a source of light to us. You have stood by us like a prother, and you have saved the life of my dearest one. God bless you, doctor, God bless you"

John could say no more, for his feeling overmastered him, and he broke down completely. The old doctor was seriously disturbed, and for awhile he fidgeted about nervously. He was a modest man, and whatever good deeds he performed were performed solely for the good there was in them, and not for the sake of the praise they

might bring him. He had acted the part of a friend to John Green and his wife simply because he felt it his duty. "Green," he said, laying his hand on John's shoulder, "don't talk that way. Let's not make any fuss over trifling matters like that. I'm glad my efforts in this case have not been unavailing, and I hope your wife will soon be recovered. Now, see here, you must make an effort to get a little money, and I'll make an effort and between us I think we may be able to accomplish

cording to directions, and if anything happens before I return, let me know. And with that the old doctor went sway, followed by a thousand blessings that flowed from John Green's heart.

something. Continue my remedies ac-

The next day John went over to Magic City to see what he could do in the way of raising money. He first went to Mills' office, and after a long wait secured an audience with that gentleman. He laid his condition before Mills in its true light and begged for a small advance on his loan.

"I would be glad to accommodate you, Green," Mills replied, "but I find it impossible to do so. I let you have at first entirely too much money on your security, and I am fearful that I shall not be able to recover on it. I can't advance another dollar." "But I must have it, Mills. I cannot

let my wife die for the want of food. De you understand?" "I understand perfectly, Mr. Green, but you should remember that this is not a place of charity but a place of business. I cannot undertake to bear other people's burdens, nor to furnish food to the hungry. I am not responsible for the suffering among the settlers, and I cannot afford to give away everything I possess to alleviate it. As said, I am sorry for you and sympa-

thize with you. Good day." John attempted to speak further, but Mills hurried him out of the office, say-

There are customers in waiting, Mr. Green, and I have no time to

waste." John next visited the bank but met with no success there. Then he tried all the places where there was a bare hope of getting money, but his efforts were all unavailing. There was but one chance left and he would try that. So, with faltering courage, he went to the office of Mr. Scraggs.

"Scraggs offered to aid me once," John thought, "and perhaps he will do it now. I can try him at least." But when he reached Scraggs' office

he found a young man in charge, and Scraggs was nowhere about; and to his inquiry for Scraggs the young man gave Green this answer: "Sorry you were not a few minutes

earlier, Mr. Green, as Mr. Scragge has just gone away. There goes his train now. He will not be back for near a week." For an instant John stared blankly

at the young man, and his head recled and he felt as if the earth was slipping from under his feet. His last chance for raising money was gone and he saw nothing before his sick wife but death from want. The clerk noticed John's manner and was alarmed at it. "Mr. Green," he said, "you are not

well. Take a seat and rest a moment. Can't I do something for you?" "No," replied John, as he dropped into the nearest seat. "I will be all dent." right in a moment."

There was more than disappointment and discouragement ailing John. He



"GREEN, DON'T TALK THAT WAY," he had overtaxed his strength in caring for his sick wife. He had gone on short diet, had lost sleep night after night. He was pale, haggard and aged. He was sick in body as well as soul.

"Was your business with Mr. Scraggs very particular?" the clerk asked, when John recovered himself a little.

"Yes," said John, "it is a matter of great importance to me." And he stated the object of his visit and told something of the necessity that forced him to seek the loan. "I wish you had come before Mr.

Scragg- left," the clerk replied, "for I am sure he would have given you the now. He has no money here that I can making the advance. If you can get "Yes." said John, "but that, I fear, I along for a few days, however, I am

John returned to his team to go

great disappointment to him, and he could hardly make up his mind to it. He sat down by his wagon and gazed vacantly across the street at the display of goods in front of a grocery store.

"There is plenty over there," he thought, "to keep off suffering, yet for the want of a few dollars I must go hungry while my wife dies of want. I cannot go back to my home emptyhanded and sit down there to wait for starvation. There is food in the land and I must have it. God forgive me, but if I can steal some food I'll do it."

Never in all his life had the thought of such a crime come through John Green's mind. Never before had he eral agent of the same paper, on the contemplated, even lightly, the commis- one side, and J. Walter Gray, of Greension of such a deed. And never before ville, and Sampson Pope, of Newberry, would he have dreamed that the time lerks respectively of the house and would come when he should seriously senate, on the other. contemplate turning thief. But no one knows to what extent hunger will drive him until he has felt its pangs.

John Green resolved to become a thief in the eyes of the world. He resolved to take by force and stealth that which accosted him, saying: "My friend, you have a very fair

wagon and team there." "Yes," replied John, mechanically. "Would you sell them?" the stranger

asked. "Yes," replied John, eagerly grasping at the opportunity of getting some to buy them?"

"I want to buy a wagon and team to if you will sell yours at a reasonable price I may take them. What do you want for them?" "I don't know," replied John. "I had

not thought of selling them. But I suppose they ought to be worth a hundred and fifty dollars." The man shook his head. John saw

the action and said: "How much will you give, then?" "I'll give you seventy-five," the man money is valuable in this country, and

everything else, save food, is cheap. That's all I can afford to offer you." John was in no mood for caviling, and so without further parley he accepted the man's offer, and the money and team changed hands.

No longer forced to the necessity of stealing food, John started off homeward, considerably lighter of heart. "Poor Mary need not starve now," he thought, as he walked across the prairie. "This money will buy food to



WOULD YOU SELL THEM?" THE STRAN-

GER ASKED. that time I will be able to go away and

secure employment." In the contemplation of the good the money would bring to his loved ones, John completely forgot the fact that he had committed a grave crime against

sold mortgaged property, and opened a way to the state prison for myself. What am I to do? What can I do?" And he sat down and buried his face in his hands and tried to think; but he could think of nothing and see nothing but the prison door yawning before

[To be continued.]

Will The States Respond? RICHMOND, Virginia, Nov. 18.-Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her daughter, Miss Winnie, left the city to-day for Mem-phis, Tenn. The Richmond Dispatch to morrow in an editorial on Mrs. Davis will say: "The Southern States ought to vote a pension to Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Virginia should lead the movement. It is nothing but fair and proper that we should put her upon the same footing that the United States Government places the widows of its l'residents. The duty devolves upon the States that composed the Confederacy is a thing of the past. It can't be a very costly precedent for us, inasmuch as there never will be another Confederacy, and therefore never another widow of a Confederate Presi-

Famine in Mexico. tal failure of the corn and bean crops in this state, owing to the drouth, is causing interse suffering among the poor. The price of corn has risen to an mmense figure, selling in some parts of the state at over one dollar per bush-The laboring element of Durango have neither work nor feed. The bet; ter classes, who are so fortunate as to have food, are compelled to guard their other for a short time when they were Studies. Nine teachers. supplies closely to prevent the famished horde from robbing them. Only the severe measures of the government soldiers keep the people in subjection. Will Fight.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 20.-The solicitors of all the banks here held a meeting to-day which lasted several The proceedings were secret. but it is said that steps will be taken to make a fight on the line of the Newberry Bank case recently decided by ludge Hudson. It is also said that the Comptroiler General has written a red hot letter to the County Auditor, in which attention is called to Sections 239 and 240 of the General Statutes, which provides imprisonment for persons refusing to make true returns or for making false returns.

Patillo Acquitted. AVGUSTA, Ga., Nov. 18.—The trial of ouis H. Patillo for the killing of Chares P. Hudson was ended tonight at 8:10 clock, when the jury, after being out an hour and ten minutes, returnd a verdict of not guilty. The verdict was just what Mr. Patilo expected, and what it would have been in the opinion of the public. Mr. Patillo thanked the jury squadrons of the so-called regular cavalfor acquitting and vindicating him, ry have already joined the rebels, in adand he received the congratulations dition to hands of deserters from the from many friends.

essions Court to-day. The grand jury ing. All the Christians at Kinchow is their presentment charged specifical-bare been massacred. that prisoners were kep in jail without warrant of law. Solicitor Jerve? sentment.

FOUGHT TWO AND TWO.

THE GONZALES BROTHERS TWO CLERKS.

A Carstion of Newspaper Cornington De velops into a Mixed Row-Scoffle in a Hotel Lebby Which Leated Ugly, But Ended With Little Damage.

sation of the night is an encounter that occurred between N. G. Gonzales, editor of the State, and A. E. Gonzales, gen-The law requires that clerks of the

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 24 - The sen-

two legislative bodies shall award advertisements of proposals for the State printing to the daily newspaper in Coumbia having the largest circulation. Gray and Pope deputed the duty of determining the question of circulation was necessary to preserve life, and to W. M. Rodgers, assistant clerk of which he could secure by no other the house, and an old Register commeans. And with this determination positor. Redgers made his report and firmly fixed in his mind he arose to put last night the clerks awarded the adit in execution. But scarcely had he vertising to the Register and for warded come to his feet when a strange man a communication to the State, saying hat according to Rodger's report the Register had the largest circulation. To-day the State contained a severe says a cyclone struck the town of Law-

editorial calling the award an "in- rence about 3 o'clock p. m., and blew famous swindle," and the report "a down the Methodist church, also the flagrant and wilful lie." The editorial house of Dr. Davis, killing his little girl said that Rodgers "in making his report | and injuring Mrs. Davis. Other houses had lied deliberately and maliciously with intent to injure the State, which money, forgetting everything else in he hates, and benefit the Register, the thought of his wife. "Do you want | which he supports," and that he knew the Register's circulation was not balf after leaving Lawrence. as large as the State's. The editorial take my family back to Missouri, and also said that Gray and Pope in accepting and endorsing a report so made have broken their oaths to perform their duties, and have carried out a conspiracy to defraud the State of its reputation and to give the Register a reputation which it could not otherwise

Gray and Pope were charged with outrageous partisanship and fraud. To-night the matter culminated when A. E. Gonzales met General Gray in the crowded lobby of the Grand Cenreplied. "It is a small sum, I know, but tral hotel. The occurrences that foilowed are conservatively given according to the most dispassionate state-

ments from witnesses obtainable. Gonzales said to Gray: "I have been anxious to see you to tell you something I have been saying about you all day. You, or Pope, or Rodgers, or whoever is responsible for awarding advertising to the Register, and the statement that the Register has a greater circulation than the State is a G--d liar and a fraud. Any one who will assert that the Register has half the circulation of the

State tells a willful lie." Gonzales repeated this, and said that it was an outrage on the tax payers of the State to have the award given to a paper with not half the State's circula-

is communication. About this time N. G. Gonzales came into the lobby, and, hearing his brother's voice came up to him. Gray then said so there are two of you, are there? Have I a friend here!"

At this appeal a number of persons immediately rushed up, and the cry was heard, "Yes, lots of them." Gray excitedly threw of his overcoat and drew his pistol and said "Any man who says that I am a fraud is a d-d

At this juncture Sampson Pope came up and shouted "That's what I say, and any man who accuses me of fraud is a -d liar.

N. G. Gonzales asked him what he said, and upon his repeating it struck him in the face with his left hand. Mr. Pope is said by two eye witnesses to have made two attempts to draw a pistol when he and Gonzales closed in

on each other. The two men fell to the floor, clinching each other, Gonzales on top belaboring Pope. Pope stuck his fingers in Gonzales' eyes and gouged them. Gonthe law in securing the money as he zales called out to him to stop gouging had. But at last it came back to him, him. Gonzales states that he did this and with a sudden and terrible shock because Pope's friends had hold of his he was made to feel the full conse- arms and he could do nothing. In quences of his act. He stopped in his some way the men were soon parted, bracks and a cold shiver ran over him. neither doing much damage to the "Great God!" he murmured, "I have other. Gonzales believes that he was struck over the hand by a stick in the

hands of some one in the crowd. In the meantime A. E. Gonzales had been facing Gray, who stood with drawn pistol. Gonzales advanced one step, called Gray a d-d coward and land County, just before starting his Sailor told him to throw away his pistol, as he | Elevator one bale had been ginned by the had none, and right it out. The struggle between Pope and the other Gonzales got these two separated, and General Gray remained in a corner of the lobby for fully five minutes standing erect with drawn pistol and pale face. A. E. Gonzales continued to curse Gray and his friends, telling him he could whip any three of them. By this time cetter of the market value of one exceeded that of some of Gonzales friends had been attracted into the hotel and the two

brothers were taken up stairs. The affair created the most intense excitement, and nothing else is talked about. It is probable that tomorrow will bring developments in the matter.

Suits for perjury are talked of. ANOTHER ROW COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 25.—Another encounter following on the heels of last night's fight occurred today. This time it was between A. E. Gonzales and M. F. Tighe, correspondent of the News and Courier. Gonzales produced a News and Courier and read Tighe's account of last night's fight. When he came to DURANGO, Mexico, Nov. 25.—The to-la failure of the corn and bean crops hands, saying he was unarmed," he told Tighe it was a d-d lie. Immediately Tighe raised his right hand and struck Gonzales in the face, drawing blood from his nose. Gonzales responded by hitting Tighe under the left eye, making a gash which bled profusely The two men clinched and fell to the floor. They struck and gouged each

> separated. After being separated Tighe said: fight you in any way a gentlemen ought; and you have got it to do." Gonzales replied that Tighe could get all the fight out of him in any way and at any time he chose. The fight occurred just outside the

ed to the scene. Shortly thereafter Representative Burn brought the affair to the attention of the house, but action was postponed .- Greenville News.

The Revelation In Chias. SHANGHAI, Nov. 26 .- The special correspondent in China of the United Press is able, on the best authority, to state that the rebellion (for it is really a rebellion) is spreading rapidly in the northern provinces, so that there is considerable alarm felt at Peking and its neighborhood. The rebels are advancing in masses upon Pekin, and are being joined en route by reinforcements from the people and from the army. Several troops classed as regular infantry. Finally, the rebels have been joined by a CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 20.—There number of mandarius, and each day their as something of a sensation in the strength and audacity have been increas-

Fatal Beller Explosion. to-day asked and got leave from Judge CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 20.—To-witherspoon to put on record a state-day at Mentaga, forty-five miles below ment showing that there was absolutely here, a saw mill boiler exploded, instantno truth in the charges and claiming ly killing two young sons of the pro-that he had proven to a committee of prietor, T. P. Battens. A saw dust he grand jury that the statements of wheeler had his leg broken and Mr. the prisoners in question were false Battens had an arm broken in two long before they handed in their pre- places. Portions of the boiler were thrown three hundred feet.

Tweive Instantly Killed TACOMA, Washington, Nov. 25 .- One of the worst accidents in the history of the Northern Pacific Railroad occurred at noon to-day at Canon station, on drest River, about 100 miles east of Tac ma. About sixty workmen were sent to the locality of the recent landslid s to reliair washouts on a branch of the main like, and while thus employed at the base of a high bluff sev--ral thousand yards of sh-li rock suddemy tumbled or those beneath, instantly killing twelve, wrecking about

sible to rescue alive. Pianes and ergans.

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A Cyclone in Mississippl.

MERIDIAN, Miss., Nov. 26 -A special to The News from Newton, Miss., were blown down, but the full extent of the injury is not known at this time. No particulars are gathered as to the damage done by it before reaching and

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[Signed.) D. CRAWFORD & SONE

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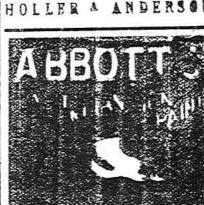
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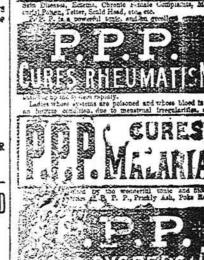
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